MUTINY

#13

A PAPER OF
ANARCHISTIC IDEAS
& ACTIONS

APRIL
2007

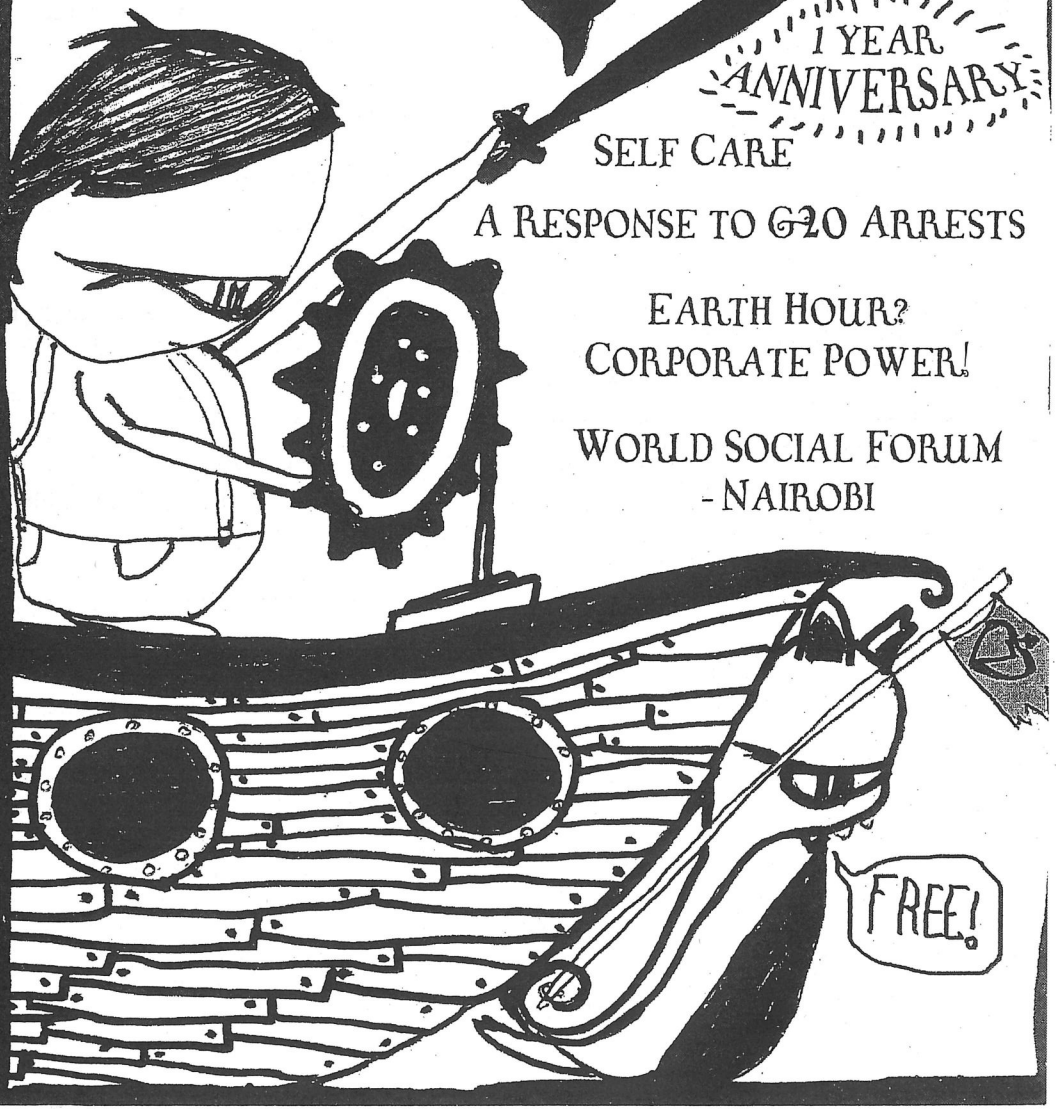
1 YEAR
ANNIVERSARY

SELF CARE

A RESPONSE TO G20 ARRESTS

EARTH HOUR?
CORPORATE POWER!

WORLD SOCIAL FORUM
- NAIROBI



Happy birthday to us!

Welcome to ***Mutiny*** issue thirteen. April 2007

Mutiny began as a group exploring different ways to resist war at home and abroad. We started a monthly zine to explore different avenues of disobedience. We know there are lots of radical ideas around & we want people to write about their experiences & opinions. The Mutiny collective is meeting regularly again: we're looking at Australian imperialism & avenues of resistance in the Pacific region. Contact us if you're interested.

(The mutiny collective does not necessarily agree with all the opinion of contributors. Contributors do not necessarily agree with all the opinions of the mutiny collective. The mutiny collective doesn't agree with all the opinions of the mutiny collective.)

Editors this month: Angry Nerd, Dumpstered Twin, Graf Cat, Princess Mob, Vikram, Changie McChangemind

Every month we're looking for contributions, from brief news & reviews to longer articles. And pictures! We love pictures! Please get in touch: our address is at the bottom of the page.

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BRIEF NEWS

Ceduna, South Australia

Iluka Mining Corporation's activities were disrupted by Indigenous Traditional Owners, their families and supporters on a dusty back road in the Yumbarra Conservation Park near Ceduna on Friday 29th March.

The Kokatha Mula Traditional Owners are currently in the Conservation Park undertaking preservation of country including vital maintenance of rockholes. On Friday they encountered Iluka Resources workers clearing roads in preparation for mining exploration, which could include drilling for water.

Sue Coleman Haseldine, Kokatha Mula Traditional Owner, met the road-clearing crew on the track on Friday. After a peaceful discussion the miners and contractors agreed to leave, ceasing work for the day. Sue Coleman Haseldine stated: "The wealth and the future of this country lies in the preservation of its beauty, not in short-term mining projects that leave a legacy of problems for the environment and the local community."

Iluka Resources are currently undertaking mineral sands exploration from within what is part of the largest stretch of pristine stunted mallee woodland in the world. Traditional owners have stated that any removal of underground water could seriously affect the supply of water to rockholes that hold particular cultural significance, as well as being essential for the survival of thousands of species of plants and animals. In an era when household water restrictions are ever tightening, Iluka Resources have announced an interest in using ground water from the area for possible mining operations, indicating an amount of 6 Gigalitres a year.

A second team of Iluka Resources representatives attempted to resume activity on Sunday 1st April but were again turned away. Senior representatives of the company are expected to return for further discussions with the Kokatha Mula Traditional Owners, who continue to hold their vigil.

Lake Cowal,
~~Lake Cowal,~~ **New South Wales**

Over the Easter long weekend, around 100 protestors converged on Lake Cowal to continue the fight against the world's largest gold-mining company, Barrick Gold.

Lake Cowal, located in the sacred heartland of the Wiradjuri Nation, has been a site of ceremony and gatherings for over 4000 years. There are thousands of Indigenous artefacts and relics in the area, which are gradually being destroyed as Barrick Gold carries out its pillage of the sacred land. Aboriginal land has never been ceded.

In operation, the mine at Lake Cowal uses 16 million litres of a water day and dangerous toxic chemicals, such as cyanide, are utilised in the mining process – these are only a small fraction of the environmental damage that is caused by gold mining.

Wiradjuri Traditional Owners have been holding convergences at Lake Cowal for a number of years as part of their campaign to raise awareness about the destruction of their ancient cultural heritage and their demands for the mine to be closed.

On the Saturday of the Corroboree, we all travelled into neighbouring town of Condobolin to protest outside the office of the Wiradjuri Condobolin Corporation, a body funded by Barrick Gold through a secret agreement. We heard from a number of speakers, including Neville "Chappy" Williams, Wiradjuri Traditional Owner.

Back at the camp later that evening, we began organising for actions to be carried out during the rest of the weekend. Various affinity groups were organised for the following day's actions. Personally, I think the radical space that existed at the campsite allowed for some amazing ideas and organising to occur, with various affinity groups forming and it was pretty awesome to be a part of it that night.

On Easter Sunday, the fun began, including an occupation of the Barrick Gold office, lock-ons, a Corroboree at the gates and a drag performance by some "miners", to nothing other than "Toxic" by Ms. Spears. The actions were successful, with the operation of the mine ceasing for the day. 14 arrests were also made by the Poo-lice, but we managed to let their tyres down which was pretty darn amusing. Much drinking was had in a small park near the station that late night as we waited for our friends to be released – oh gaol solidarity can be fun!

The following morning, as the camp was packing to leave, the Poo-lice showed up unannounced and tried to re-arrest "Trent" for being in breach of his bail conditions from the arrests the previous day. However, when the paddy wagon was surrounded by protestors who demanded that he be released the cops decided that there was nothing they could do and let him go [fuck yeah!].

The weekend as a whole was an amazing experience and provided an awesome space for people to support the struggle of the people of the Wiradjuri Nation. Make sure you check it out next year!

For more info on the Lake Cowal campaign check out http://www.savelakecowal.org/

Buenos Aires, Argentina

Protesters set fire to the offices of Neuquén State governor Jorge Sobisch after state police violently attacked a demonstration of striking teachers leaving one dead. Carlos Fuentealba was was injured by an exploding teargas canister and later died. He was wounded at a several hundred person protest against police brutality, which had marred the previous day's union demonstration.

Union leaders have called on teachers to take part in a nation-wide strike on Monday. Protests like today's in Buenos Aires, have already spread far beyond the borders of Neuquén Province. In Salta teachers tried to barricade state lawmakers inside the local legislature after an unsatisfactory vote on improving teacher's salaries. Police there attacked unionists with rubber bullets.

The teachers had originally been striking for better pay and working conditions.

from bombsandshields.blogspot.com

Sydney - G20 arrests

At 6am on March 14 police raided five Sydney homes to make arrests related to the G20 protests in Melbourne last year. Four people were arrested in the raids and a fifth turned himself in later that day. Charges laid include riot, affray and malicious damage as well as aggravated burglary charges allegedly related to office occupations carried out in Melbourne.

The raids were carried out by Victorian police, local Sydney cops, federal police and cops from the 'Terrorism Investigation Squad,' with up to twelve officers in each house. While the cops were relatively polite when entering family homes they searched sharehouses with more aggressive thoroughness and almost kicked one door in.

All five received bail after court hearings later that day. Four of them had to appear in court in Melbourne the next week & will appear at the committal on May 11 with the other G20 arrestees; the fifth is to appear in Melbourne Children's Court.

Chile

Thousands of students, most of whom are of high school age, took to the streets in cities across the country, rioting and looting. Thursday marked "The Day of the Young Combatant," which is the anniversary of the deaths of two young brothers, who were murdered by police while demonstrating against the Pinochet dictatorship. Youth blocked traffic with burning barricades, attacked police, looted stores and according to police some were armed with automatic weapons.

One officer was shot while trying to stop looters who had targeted a supermarket. In all more than 100 officers were injured and over 800 people were arrested, but most of them were under the age of 16 and thus too young to be charged. They were quickly released, but in some cases the government plans to sue their parents.

The rioting continued beyond Thursday around the issue of the new urban transportation service which many students say have removed vital public transport services in poorer neighbourhoods. Santiago Governor Marcelo Trivelli said the protests "appear to reflect a general sensation of social dissatisfaction in the country. I think people are somehow showing they want changes and some express that with anger."

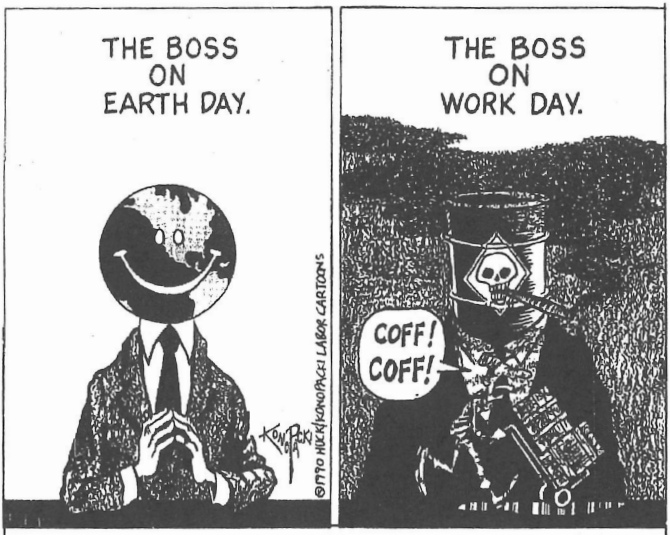
from bombsandshields.blogspot.com

Earth Hour? Corporate Power!

by Changie McChangemind

The occurrence of Earth Hour recently provides a good fulcrum for exploring ideas about activist and community responses to global warming, and the environment generally.

The idea behind Earth Hour was, on the surface, a showcase of Sydney's ability to "power down" for an hour, and is meant to be part of a wider campaign to reduce Sydney's greenhouse gas emissions by 5% in 2007. This event was sponsored by The Sydney Morning Herald and the WWF, and in the end supposedly reached a 10.5% reduction in electricity consumption.



Earth Day was an initiative similar to Earth Hour, lampooned here in 1990 by US cartoonists Gary Huck and Mike Konopacki.

The problem with events such as Earth Hour is the way they frame the problem of greenhouse gas emissions. The official website has the statement: "The environment, once a fringe issue, is now the most important one of our generation" which, with SMH logos everywhere, starts to get us closer to the reasoning behind this event.

As activists, we are open minded about the re-organization of society, indeed anarchists, syndicalists, autonomists, etc. deem it necessary to radically alter or dismantle the state. Traditionally, this would be because of state/corporate oppression of the proletariat, the industrial/worker/consumer relationship, the constant increase of militarism, or anyone of a myriad of different revolutionary theories that I'm sure Mutiny readers are familiar with.

Activities that we can reasonably attribute to an unnatural rise in greenhouse gases includes industry, the burning of fossil fuels, farming, deforestation, war, and consumption of generated power in general.

All of these activities are heavily criticised and analysed in the activist canon for reasons other than global warming, mostly to do with the movement and generation of capital in ways that make the rich richer and make the poor broke (as an incredibly generalised example). This generation of capital, itself being a tool of the "ruling" class, continue their devastation of society in general. Also, these activities are responsible for other wider environmental problems such as the spread of toxins, global dimming and pollution in general.

Earth Hour is an event which seems to ignore all this. Indeed, their strategy for reaching their stated 5% reduction in carbon emissions is "achieved if all businesses and households turned off unused lights and appliances on standby". This indicates that Earth Hour is, if anything, actually an obstacle in path of the wider community more completely understanding the issue of global warming. This is the same effect The Sydney Morning Herald has on anyone trying to understand political developments

by reading their papers. At the same time they are patting themselves on the back for having a hand in Earth Hour, The Sydney Morning Herald publishes an article from Miranda "fascist stooge" Divine espousing the views of Steven Milloy, a Fox News reporter in the pay of ExxonMobil and linked with The Fraser Institute, who criticizes global warming as "junk science". Amusingly, there is a genuine possibility that Divine thinks that Molloy is an actual respected scientist rather than a Fraser Institute/ Exxon/Fox spin doctor and is too dumb to realise.

There is some scope for flow-on effects that Earth Hour's supporters probably champion, such as official government policy change, but even if this was to happen, it would be a fairly spurious link, such policies having been made in non-transparent think tanks well before the fact. Indeed, Earth Hour is highly suspect, appearing in a year with both a national and NSW election, there being a possibility that the voter involved in such initiatives deciding that it's not so bad after all, at least someone's doing something about the problem.

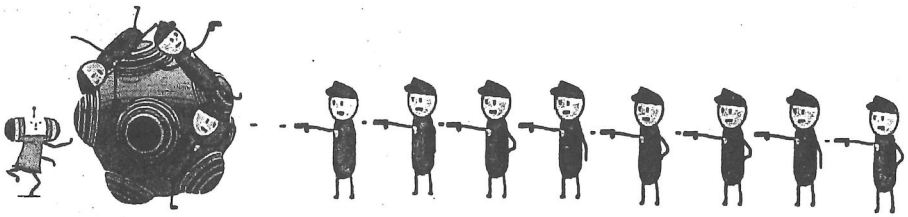
Earth Hour itself is obviously just one event, but it's a good example of the wider process of capitalism's efforts to reconcile its paradigms and practices with those of an increasingly environmentally aware public.

Does anyone remember the Keep Australia Tidy campaign (the one with the little man putting the rubbish in the bin)? This was a campaign to teach consumers to pick up after themselves, to dispose of excess packaging from products in the state and council provided bins. This, far from an altruistic gesture by an eco-friendly government, was actually a corporate funded PR campaign, and a form of externalisation. By pushing the angle that the consumer must "dispose of waste thoughtfully", corporations such as Tetra-Pak and Mitsubishi "educated" consumers as to how their product was to be consumed. In theory, the product coming from a company is everything together, so say you buy an air-conditioner from Mitsubishi, the cardboard, Styrofoam and plastic that the air conditioner is shipped in are also part of the product. There are many reasons for excess packaging, such as advertising and conceptual ideas of a finished product, so Industry approves of this established practice, and of course, the consumer picks up the financial cost. It becomes quickly apparent, however, that cardboard, Styrofoam and plastic need to be dealt with or processed. Industry deals with this excess packaging now as waste, and this waste as externality; that is, they push the problem onto someone else to deal with, hence Keep Australia Tidy, teaching consumers: "That's right, the air conditioner goes on the wall and the packaging goes in the bin. Good consumer". It also promotes the normality of consumption.

Being the fun stopper that I am, I'm also going to point out that the same is true for the Clean up Australia campaign. A partnership of Wondersoft toilet tissue, McDonald's, QANTAS, BP, and Stockland, among others, sounds like an environmentalist's worst nightmare, and yet these are all backers of the Clean up Australia project. These companies obviously enjoy the "green" cred that being attached to such a campaign may bring. It is again, however, an example of externalisation. Indeed every time they brag about the amount of waste cleaned up, "165,000 tonnes of rubbish have been removed sine 1989", this is waste due to the industrial/consumer process, and it shouldn't be up to individuals and community groups to clean up on their own time.

Another example along these lines is the "green" bags sold by shopping centers, the little ticket inside the Woolworths ones helpfully inform us that they are made from 100% Polypropylene (plastic, it's actually mis-spelled on the tag), and made in China. Not a nationalist criticism here but just a concern about the conditions of the labourers who make the bags.

Corporations using the word "Earth" in front of anything to indicate their greenness? Give me a fucking break.



A Unified Response to Police Intimidation

by 2 of the G20 arrestees

House Raided. 6 am. Twelve cops. Video cameras and torch light. A plainclothes NSW detective whose business card reads 'Counter Terrorism Investigation Unit'. Victorian cops have been flown in too. Task Force Salver in Victoria has already spent $5 million on this hunt for protesters. But they don't find me. I'm not home. Three cops go into my work asking for me (I get sacked three days later). Then the cops start calling my phone. I get sick of the harassment and go to a cop shop in the city.

Handcuffed. Strip-searched. Interviews. Mug Shots. Eight hours without food or water. Then I get to join the other three guys in the same cell. In the same situation. It's hard to describe how good this felt. These people I had barely known before, now I felt so close to. These guys had been in captivity for around twelve hours and they were smiling, laughing, joking and kicking a pair of socks around the cell like a soccer ball. The cops down the corridor tried their best to ignore us. Then one by one the others were released and soon I was alone.

The situation transforms and everything becomes more intense. You're locked in a concrete room with two urinals and a wooden bench. All freedom lost. Put in the hands of the state. Waiting for bureaucracy to take its course. After my release and the release of our photographs on the front page of the Herald Scum the intensity, isolation and a new anxiety set in. Constant nightmares about cops chasing me. People telling me my phone is tapped, house is bugged. The undercover cops are watching. I became anxious when talking about the case. I was scared to meet up with the other guys in pubs. I was afraid of seeing cop cars on King Street.

Finally we all decided to meet up again and talk about how we were doing. I quickly realised that we were all going through the same anxiety and isolation. We gave up being brave and talked about breaking down. For me this created a feeling of comfort, understanding and unity. Since then I've tried to deal with this whole situation on a more honest level. Admit that I was feeling anxious and trying to deal with it. Not always alone, not in isolation but communicating with others who are dealing with the same shit.

I have been able to talk with all the other four guys in Sydney and some of the twenty two other girls and guys in Melbourne who are experiencing exactly the same emotions. There is now an interstate effort to open lines of communication between us in order to deal with this kind of police intimidation better together. It's quite empowering when the state does all it can to break you up and all it achieves is a further bringing together. See you all soon.

I've quickly realised in writing this that there are no answers to give about how to deal with a long situation of being arrested and charged. I guess people knew that but it really just is that you're trapped in the system and you just try to make do the best you can.

I've been through long court cases before. I'd prefer to say I have learnt how to deal with this. But the replay of more than 10 cops (the Counter Terrorism Investigation Unit, Taskforce Salver, federal police, local detectives – and possibly an APEC taskforce?) kicking down the front door to arrest me and search the house at 6am makes a difference.

It won't let me sleep. Every day noises wake me. Someone at the front door, housemates arriving home late or leaving for work, people walking by my room window… I wake with a start. I've dreamt of being arrested at 8:01pm because I'd broken my bail conditions by not reporting to the cop shop in time. I've dreamt of coppers chasing and beating me, of a follow up raid with all the same coppers – their faces etched in my memory.

That part has been more difficult than I expected. A lack of sleep has made me more grumpy and my moods swing constantly. Anxiety and paranoia overcome me at times. Talking to some of the other arrestees I've realised it's the same for them too. I'm snappy at people offering sympathy – what the fuck's the use of that? – and I'm disappointed at people not offering enough. It's confusing.

Those are the straight up emotional effects. The legal process doesn't scare me so much as bore me. As I said, I've been through court before and it's already become tedious thinking and talking about the legal aspects of my case. There's not some greater sense to it. It's the bureaucracy and we're now just another bunch of unfortunates caught up in it.

Actually, this case doesn't scare me so much at all, it's more when I tally it onto my future. How do we continue to fight when we keep ending up in courts with the legal system a more effective at sucking our will than the cops will ever be? Am I more scared of police brutality or legal process? And how many convictions till I end up in jail? More selfishly, will I be able to travel anywhere now? We aren't playing games with the state and recent police harassment underlines this. When the coppers recognise you or they name drop you to others it's worth being a little paranoid.

I would like to offer more stunning political insights into this situation and it's not that I've become so incapacitated that I can't, but for the moment I'm legally and practically bound. I also think it's important to convey the personal, mental and emotional aspects, especially as we prepare for what may be years of worse to come.

What has been positive has been seeing efforts to open up space (well, at least outside those who still persist in screaming about 'civil liberties') where we can talk about short-term practical solidarity alongside long-term political effectiveness. Where networks take effect that otherwise wouldn't. For these cases to have political significance they don't have to be screamed from a megaphone or written up in the corporate media. They just have to solidify a little our sense of solidarity and commonality and our willingness to continue to take direct action as we struggle for our own lives as well as the lives of others.

TAKING CARE

by Yadwiga

This is the time of year that I like, the change of season. I like that it makes you notice. The invitation to look forward & then, to remember & reflect. It's on this theme that I'd like to write, cuz I wanna talk about takin' care of ourselves.

I could go on & on trying to refer to all the negative things that go on in our lives. From cops & bein' arrested to not getting along with friend/lover to getting a flat tire to losing yr place in yr book cuz some fkn transit is askin to see yr ticket. All of that & all that's in between.

See, there's this idea called the Anger Bank. Yeah yeah the image of a bank is a strange one, but bear with me. Say Timmy gets hit over the head trying to de-arrest his friend. But cuz Timmy is waiting outside the cop shop all night & has work in the morning he doesn't' really have time to do anything with his anger. Timmy deposits that anger in the Anger Bank. Then, Timmy's sick to fkn death of serving bland food in plastic containers. He does this everyday, to the point that he's so used to being angry at work he barely even notices anymore. Timmy's doin' a lot of depositing. Lucky it's his Anger Bank & his alone, so there's no lines. This goes on & on, Timmy's in the world & things make him angry & he just pushes them to the side.... deposits them into the Anger Bank. It fills & fills & fills. Soon it's full to bursting & Timmy's at a meeting & during discussion about the date for an event he disagrees with someone & then, inexplicable, he totally looses his fkn shit, yellin', & screamin' in a way that's comical to us cuz we're reading it, but scary & full on to everyone who's at the meeting, especially Timmy. Now it's not like he's made some withdrawal from his Bank. Not at all. It's like the Bank is announcing that, right this second, it's expanding & closing down the 'rational thought workers collective', & 'the cool, calm & collected resource shop' & the 'coping skills co-op'.

Sometimes the Anger Bank has different names, like say, Emotional Bank, Sadness Bank, "I'll Think About It Later" Bank, "I Can't Seem To Say No To Stuff" Bank. This isn't rocket science, ya get what I'm saying here, yeah?

So the question becomes, how do we make withdrawals from our Banks, whatever we deposit into them? Good question ay. The idea is to take some time, check out yr local Bank(s). It's about paying attention to things that stress you out & make you feel overwhelmed, pay attention to patterns, pay attention to comments like "Everything is fucked?", is it, really? Is there one thing, no matter how little, that's not? Is it lots of effort to come up with examples? What does it mean again when you say 'fucked'? Pay attention to how much you get to talk about your day, who have you been able to tell what's been going on lately? Pay attention to things you just don't even know where to begin to explain – they're those fancy, full colour brochures about your Bank. This is about thinking, for sure, but also doing a bit more than just filling yr head up with thoughts swirling round & round. Talk them out, write them out, sing them out, play them out... take 'em for a little walk or even a holiday.

So then what? Yeah I know I ain't even started really talking about those withdrawals. Shit man, my own Bank is just making payments on its excess water usage bill from the real estate. I'm just gonna talk about some of the things you could do to make your Bank teeny, tiny. If you wanted, you could think of them as withdrawal slips. Lists, lists, I like lists:

→ eat regularly (ever heard the colour theory of cooking? Something from each colour in every meal)

→ exercise, yoga is real amazing ay, so is dancing, bike riding, walking, jumping around being hyper, singing, soccer, sex

→ take time off when yr sick, don't just plow thru, listen to yr body telling you what it needs

→ get massages, cuddles, hand holds, curling up, touching (if yr ok with that stuff, & always, from people who're good at it & know about yr boundaries)

→ get enough sleep

→ wear clothes & shoes (or not) that you like & make you feel good

→ go on a holiday, one that's not just the busy, busy life you have, just in another city. An actual holiday.

→ take day trips, get outta the city

→ make time away from telephones & txting

→ make time for you: for self reflection

→ journal

→ read stuff that's unrelated to work/ projects

→ practice receiving from others

→ decrease stress in yr life (yeah this one is real helpful ay, bah)

→ notice your inner experience: listen to your thoughts, judgments, beliefs, attitudes & feelings.

→ say yes when someone invites you to something you're not sure about, but do kinda wanna go to.

→ be courageous & say 'naw sorry' if you're invited out & not sure about it, & don't feel guilty

→ do social things in places other than pubs & not around beer

→ be creative, even if you don't see yrself as an artist.

→ make something, like say a chocolate cake or a lasagna or a smoothie

→ let others know about different aspects of you, does old mate know how you got so obsessed with [say Twin Peaks, The Wire, Sopranos] last winter? Or that you spend a good amount of time each day being excited at how much yr garden has grown? Or just how much better you're getting a playing [instrument], fixing [thingy], making [delicious description]?

→ engage your intelligence in a new area: art gallery, museum, performance, wikipedia

→ be curious

→ identify stuff you like or that is comforting (bands, restaurants, movie theatres, parks, bike paths, objects, people, relationships, spaces) & seek them out

→ say "naw I'm a bit too busy hey" sometimes

→ allow yourself to cry

→ allow yourself to be angry. Figure out ways to be angry that doesn't hurt/scare you or others (kicking boxes, warning someone yr gonna probably gonna have a tanty about something, join/start a punk band)

→ re-read favourite books, watch that movie you watched every day when you were in highschool, & say outloud all the dialogue that you know by heart. Be impressed at the random shit that you're able to remember!

→ find things that make you laugh, for example:

Billie: Sue has these 2 dogs, Pete & Repeat;

Bobbie: ah yeah;

Billie: Pete died, what was the name of the other dog?;

Bobbie: (pause, I'm getting led into something obvious here) eeerr Repeat;

Billie: Sue has these two dogs, Pete & bwhaaa haaa haaa haaa;

Bobbie: oh that's fucken terribbbwhaaa haaa haaa haa

I'm gonna go out on a limb here & assume most of you have heard some of this before. I'm saying it again cuz it's important. We all do really amazing work & thinking. We are folks who have made a choice not only not to participate in systems that hurt us, but to work at making new systems that don't. That's hard stuff. The things we do cuz of that, often result in negative impacts on our life. At least, give it a go, we all know how goddamn frustrating it is filling out those fkn slips sometimes. Talk to your friends in funny bank analogies. Maybe take a few different kinds of withdrawal slips up to the counter & see what you can get.

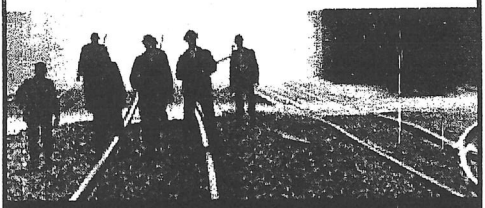
JURA BOOKS

Presents:

6pm, Fri 27th April

Film screening of 'Matewan'.

In the lead up to May Day, Direct Cinema at Jura is showing this compelling film about a clash between unionist miners and a tyrannical coal company. Set in the US mid-west, this film explodes with a powderkeg of racism, corruption and organising.



Jura Books
440 Parramatta Rd
Petersham
ph: 9550 9931
www.jura.org.au

Opening Hours:
Thursday 2-7pm
Friday 2-7pm
Saturday 12-5pm

Black Rose anarchist library and bookshop

22 enmore rd, enmore
(100metres from Newtown station)
e: blackrosebooks@yahoo.com.au
p: 0424490792

opening hours:

thur and fri ~ 11am-7pm
sat and sun ~ 11am-5pm

FORTNIGHTLY FILMS:
APRIL 29th
Sunday 5pm
(political/arthouse/shorts/local/documentaries)

The World Social Forum 2007
a mass movement or a mass of contradictions?

by Red Sonja

The World Social Forum took place this year at the Moi International Sports Stadium, Kasarani, Nairobi. And was "proudly sponsored" by Celtel, a multinational telecommunications company. So as you can imagine, the controversy & contradictions began early....

I was staying with mates who live in Nairobi, who informed me that there were hundreds of Kenyans who had agreed to billet delegates, having been promised payment for doing so. So locals shelled out lots of money for new bedsheets & food for delegates, only to be undercut at the last minute by a company connected with a government minister, who had their security guards escort unwitting delegates to the hotel accommodation provided by said company. For most of the Kenyan would-be hosts, their delegates never arrived, & they never got paid...

The World Social Forum that I saw on TV was very different from the one I experienced. When I got back to Kariakor one evening, I would see footage of human rights superstars or celebrities giving speeches in spacious rooms with great sound gear & translation headphones for all in the audience. In the session on "memories of struggle" at which Kenya's Mau Mau rebels, still shunned by the government, spoke alongside Leila Khaled of the PFLP (Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine) & other veterans of past or ongoing struggles, the microphones didn't work, volunteer translators had to be plucked from the audience & there were no headphones. This was fine for an English speaker, because most speakers chose to present in English (though it was not the first language of any of the speakers) but it was pretty rough on the Swahili or Kikuyu speakers (of whom there were many in this session - Swahili is the lingua franca of Tanzania & coastal parts of Kenya, & Kikuyu is the first language of a large proportion of the Kenyan population – & in particular, of most of the Mau Mau war vets).

By the second day, protests about the high cost of entry for Kenyans had begun. Though there was a sliding scale entry fee for delegates from the Global North, Global South & then for Africa, the 500 shillings was an enormous impost for your average Kenyan. Moi International Stadium is next to Korogocho, one of the largest slums in Nairobi. The *Korogocho Mirror*, a publication of the Coalition of Urban Poor in Kenya (CUP-Kenya) had this to say in its editorial of the January edition, selling for 50Khs at the forum:

"Slum dwellers in Nairobi, such as the sprawling slums of Korogocho which is in the same constituency with the stadium where WSF is taking place, is crying foul & questions the composition of the WSF secretariat in Kenya, saying: "World Social Forum is taking place in our constituency & none of our youth or women groups have been involved in its planning. For sure, we are the people who are hosting the World Social Forum & it's amazing that none of the vibrant groups have been consulted, let alone involved, in its planning," Josephine Ameyo, Chairperson of the Care Takers Women Group."

In another article by Jacklyn Awino at the beginning of the paper, the criticisms went deeper: *"Most non-governmental organizations, & surprisingly enough even religious bodies are only active at the moment simply to gain credibility & raise funds," asserts Pastor Michael Njoroge.*

"Communities are not so naive that they cannot talk about their problems. They know where they are hurting, & how they want their plight addressed. The problems of the poor people should not be used for personal enrichment. Can we see communities being given a chance to express themselves at meetings such as the World Social Forum?" posed Mr Gathu, a village elder in Korogocho."

On Day 3 of the conference, the direct action escalated. A group of Kenyans gained entry for free & were subsequently arrested. This was announced at the end of an amazing workshop I attended, run by the Malcolm X Grassroots Movement (www.mxgm.org) & some speakers from pambazuka.org (a newswire run out of Oxford, Nariobi & Cape Town) called "NGOs & neo-colonialism". This workshop, featuring Pambazuka News editor Firoze Manji & prominent scribe Tajudeen Al-Raheem, focussed not on NGO corruption or misbehaviour, but who or what NGOs represent, even when not behaving obviously badly. Whilst Tajudeen presented a passionate & articulate polemic against the commodification of human misery & governance by technocrats that he identifies with the rise & rise of the NGO, Firoze Manji made the following stunning statement: "Let me make it absolutely clear, so there can be no misunderstanding: I am against development." I say stunning because stunned mullet is the only way I can think of to describe the look on the face of many of the delegates in the room.

Firoze posed the question: what are the *ends* of the aid industry? He argued that the NGO sector is the private sector within the public domain, seeking to replace the functions of a retrenching state. He went further to describe development as the de-politicisation of poverty, & the de-mobilisation & professionalisation of struggles over resources: class struggle.

This, the key contradiction of the WSF, which positions itself as a gathering of social movements but is in reality dominated by NGOs & professional, paid campaigners, played itself out rather nicely the next day.

While many delegates were inside the stadium listening to fine speeches from aid professionals & church groups (SO many church groups) about food security, poverty alleviation & capacity-building (my favourite aid industry nonsense-term), African delegates & kids from the slums were taking direct action. Apparently, the guy who had called the cops on the non-paying Kenyan delegates of the day before was the same man who was running the mega-pricey food tent which by virtue of the cost was virtually a white-only space. So, delegates from South Africa & Kenya & their supporters rushed the food tent & pushed the kids forward to get free food, in a protest against the high entry fee & ridiculous food prices. Activists & other delegates took over serving duties from the kitchen staff, & for at least an hour we stood around keeping an eye on the cops whilst the kids ate their fill. The cops seemed reluctant to

move in on so many professional foreign do-gooders & trouble-makers armed with camcorders.... So it seems that with a little bit of direct action & solidarity, the slum dwellers are pretty capable of looking after their own food security - their capacities to take action to determine their own lives seemed pretty good to me. It was those of the well-meaning whiteys standing around clicking their tongues in disapproval & muttering about "violence" that I think we should be worried about.

Later that day, it was announced that bottled water would be provided free...

It was good to see the head of the South Korean trade union delegation taking the rough ride home in the *matatu* (the people mover vans that are the main source of public transport in Nairobi complete with fuck-off huge subwoofers & pumping booty music) with the rest of us. Hard to imagine 'comrade' Burrows, Combet doing that....

On the way home on day 3, we met a volunteer from the WSF on the *matatu* back into town. Apparently, the Kenyan volunteers were supposed to be given food vouchers & travel reimbursements so they wouldn't be out of pocket for their efforts. Our friend on the *matatu* never saw either of these....

On day 4, I went to a session run by the Hurricane Katrina People's Relief Fund, in which the extraordinary repression against the predominantly black working-class in New Orleans post-Katrina was detailed. (see http://www.peopleshurricane.org for more info). According to Malcolm Suber of the PRF, the gentrification pressures building before Katrina have now burst into open class warfare. Not only have the public housing blocks next to the touristy French Quarter in New Orleans been *literally* chained & boarded to prevent their poor black residents from returning home, but the public school system has been the subject of a hostile takeover. The 121 state public schools pre-Katrina are now 50 charter schools (for a basic definition of charter schools check out http://www2.edweek.org/rc/issues/charter-schools - there are heaps of critical analyses in online radical ed journals). These charter schools are privatised consortiums, & union-free zones. The teachers' union in New Orleans has apparently been de-certified as a result, along with the bus drivers' union! The predominantly black school board is no more. The process of "development" or "urban renewal" ie pushing out poor blacks, that in Australia finds its driver in media-driven moral panics over sex abuse in remote Aboriginal communities, & the desire to "clean up" Redfern is exposed for what it really is by the situation in New Orleans.

All in all, the WSF was a positive experience for me, in that I finally found a way to articulate my discomfort with the WSF & its agenda. I met some great revolutionaries from Tanzania, Kenya, Palestine, Holland, the US, the UK, Brazil, South Africa. The passion, commitment & determination of those involved in the actual daily struggle for self-emancipation & liberation is, it turns out, so much more inspiring than some nob in a suit prattling on about good governance & capacity-building....

WE GOT TWO LETTERS!

Dear Mutiny,

I don't want to write a 'sour grapes' letter. Instead I thought I'd use some comments from the review of *All Out War: Chess and its Relevance to Strategic Insurgency* (which I co-authored), as published in the February 2007 issue of *Mutiny*, as a springboard for discussion.

Just in case people reading don't have a copy of the February *Mutiny* to hand, here are the comments that inspired me to write this letter:

"There's an imperative running through this zine, a belief that we must all remake ourselves into fit, disciplined individuals - warriors in all-out war. It's a belief I find frankly terrifying, for more than one reason. Sure, there's fighting to be done - both literal and metaphorical. That scares me, but I'll be there. What scares me more is the thought that fighting is the only metaphor we have for revolutionary activity, or that our success depends on us all individually becoming stronger, specialised fighters."

There are two enormous issues raised for me in that last sentence, the discussion of which I don't doubt that tens - hundreds! - of issues of *Mutiny* could be dedicated. By necessity then I will give both the most cursory treatment I possibly can, in the hope that others will pick up these threads and run with them...

First up: *revolution*. I can't & won't speak for my co-author, but for my part, there is no advocacy of "revolutionary activity" in *All Out War*. In spite of (or is it because of?) my own sordid past as a revolutionary without a revolution, I no longer aspire to be a revolutionary. I see too much compromise, magical thinking, hypocrisy & self-inflicted domestication advocated & enacted in its name for revolution to capture my imagination anymore. And I no longer care to wait around for the global populous (or even just the 'proletariat') to catch on to how right I am as a revolutionary before anything substantial can be done. Even if I could stomach the boredom & endless appeals to people's long-obliterated sense of abstracts like 'justice', I do not see that we have the luxury of time for such an approach anymore.

The thing about 'revolution' is that it is a term that has been stretched to encapsulate so many opinions that much of what a discussion would be wrestling with is merely semantics: you & I might agree on all manner of strategies & tactics for bringing down the leviathan of industrial society, but you call it revolution & I don't. And that's fine. (If you actually want to *keep* industrial society you can kiss my ass - please go & find a different planet to annihilate... wait, scratch that: please have your scientists whip you up a new completely synthetic test-tube planet for you to annihilate).

Which leads us nicely into subject two: "*... our success depends on us all individually becoming stronger, specialised fighters.*" If you ask me, that's a statement of fact. Unfortunately it wasn't posited as such, it was posited as something to be scared, & I think also critical, of. But for me that doesn't make it any less of a fact. We needn't all be Rambos (although we could sure do with a few - check out *First Blood*!!), but we do all need to be able to throwdown in ways that are currently beyond our wildest dreams if we're truly wanting "success" out of this quest to save the world. Yes, that is a scary thought. Yes, many of us have an innate distrust of disciplined training - especially with any kind of combat in mind - because of associations with machismo, narcissism, body fascism, redneck 'survivalism', authority, war-mongering, & that jerk of a PE teacher we had in high school. Well, time to get over that. If you can't see what reasons you have of your own as an insurgent/insurrectionary/anarchist/revolutionary/sensate being to train-up, skill-up & tool-up, you're not paying attention. Baking cookies (see *Stranger Than Fiction* review, February 2007 *Mutiny*) is very nice & all, but I'm going to go out on a limb here & say that there is no batch of cookies - even choc chip peanut butter gluten-free organic vegan ones - that would convince this culture to undertake a peaceful, voluntary transition to a sane & sustainable way of living. So let's rule that out right now & start thinking about what *will* work...

Of course "fighting", as Princess Mob put it in the *All Out War* review, is not the only thing that needs doing. Not by a long shot. As Derrick Jensen has written: *"... the good thing about everything being so fucked up is that no matter where you look, there is great work to be done. Do what you love. Do what you can. Do what best serves your land base. We need it all."* Fighting, however - & by that I mean serious disruption of the functioning of the Megamachine (not symbolic protest) - is woefully underrepresented (to say the least) in what we are currently doing, which to my mind makes much of our actual "activity" look pretty pathetic and tokenistic. That's why in my writing (in *All Out War* & elsewhere) I place so much emphasis on combative resistance of various shades - because I think a lot of us are trying to ignore or play down the stark realities of the situation we're in, & what is going to be necessary to really change it.

Reading over Princess Mob's comments again, I'm grateful that we are here at least talking beyond the ridiculous 'violence vs. non-violence' dichotomy that is still so tragically common in radical circles: Princess Mob accepts that there is fighting that needs to be done, & says she will be there (I am grateful for that too). So I guess the question is actually one of preparation: if you accept there is fighting to be done (& I would hope also accept the sooner the better, considering the accelerating ecological meltdown of the planet), why wouldn't you prepare for it?

For total liberation,
Luke Woodrue, feraledgerevenge@gmail.com

Dear Mutiny,

I am writing this letter to express my concern over the situation of the arrest and trial of two fellow officers who have been branded "the tranny cops" at a demonstration on Friday, 23 Febuary, against the American Vice-President Dick Cheney. Following this demonstration two fellow officers - "the tranny cops" - have come under scrutiny for the manner in which they directed traffic on the day, some even describing it as "reckless" or dangerous". The two officers were also arrested for "impersonating a police officer, exercising powers and wearing a police uniform while not being a police officer."

Now I think this is all a little harsh. I'm sure there are reasonable explanations for whatever misjudgments may have been made on the day. Maybe they're having a rough time at home, or just had a big night the night before. This has been completely blown out of proportion.

Everyone knows that police 'act out' sometimes, a little beyond their legal jurisdiction, but that's just the way the police force works. In the context of other things that I have witnessed at protests over the years, this is nothing. I've seen fellow officers beat protesters for absolutely no reason (except for maybe no showering enough)!!! We are living in an age where police do get away with almost anything, & I wholeheartedly agree with this; police need to have the power to exercise as much force as each officer deems necessary to enforce the law.

Normally if an officer makes a mistake, or gets too heavy handed at a protest, the media is just used to distort what happens and the blame gets put on the feral protesters. It is essential that this happens, or else you get the public losing faith in the police force, & they get scared. It is what is best for the community.

I feel that the way this situation has been handled has been a misjudgment on the behalf of the NSW Police Force; and I don't understand why they have taken such a heavy hand to two of my fellow officers. Everyone makes mistakes sometimes! Forgive & forget I say. Also, I sincerely hope that none of this has been discrimination because of the way the two officers choose to present themselves. I feel that they should be commended for their efforts to appear more masculine. This is the way that the police force needs to be represented to the public.

Sincerely, "A concerned Officer of the NSW Police"

REVIEWS

Carni-Chooch, Lan Franchi's (gig)

The first annual Tri-State Carni-Chooch (17 & 18 March) at Lan Franchis, Sydney was mostly organised by Sydney's underground music-event collective Chooch-a-bahn. We arrived late on Saturday evening, and piked out on Sunday altogether, so consider this a mere flavour of the event, or perhaps an incentive to attend any similar functions.

The proceedings had an air of the good old-fashioned variety show about them, albeit one that featured left-of-centre performance interludes (that perhaps bewildered more than the one indie kid) and lots of on-the-side couch-pashing from audience members. A bizarre, booty slappin' squid and diver performance duo, called Possum and Frank, danced provocatively to a rap track – possibly alluding to beach themed, bikini abundant hip-hop video clips. Or possibly not.

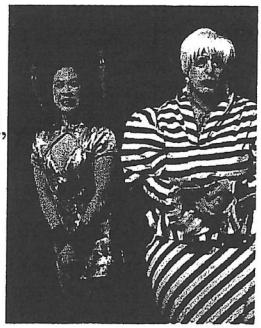
Another was of a pair of caving fem-geek explorers (apologies for forgetting your name). Audible in a lo-fi speakerphone, one spoke of losing her cat. In bashing-drum response, illuminated by a sole fluorescent light, the drummer's feline features made her shrieked Meow!in' that much more haunting, perplexing – and darkly humorous. Whatever the case, the performances were amusing.

We were blown away by the Victorian post-hardcore band Quebec who had an energetic rawness that inspired the most wonky dance moves from the audience. Accompanied by a saxophonist, they chose to play their set on the warehouse floor and away from the stage. The guys gravitated to them more, whilst the women who chose to wade-in seemed to have just as much fun in the jostled wonky dancing.

But if wonky dance moves be the measure of a good performance, then a slap on the wrists for local post-punk band Kiosk, who could hardly inspire us to uncross our arms, or do little more than jiggle our legs along frenetically to their now rigid guitar, drums, vocal arrangement. Disappointing, considering that in the past they have inspired such gut clutching, improbable joy.

Miss Pollycarp and Dumpstered Twin

***Love's Triumph* (play)**



Written by Terence Crawford, and styled on 60s kitsch, Love's Triumph (29 March to 21 April @ Darlinghurst Theatre) has a sweet child's dear optimism that truly makes this production shine. Not only is it about the capacity of love to overcome the odds (& prevent a lover wearing concrete shoes at the bottom of Darling Harbour) but also the capacity of 'Love's Triumph' – the race horse at Randwick racecourse – to win 50,000 big ones!

The plot is intricate, and questions soon inevitably arise like: Why is Morrie Fairway (Rob Thomas) such a destitute gambler? Can love be found

outside the Cross for cynical prostitute Angelique (Pearl Tan)? Do bookworm Chastity (Megan Drury) and simpleton Brad (Robert Woodhead) have more in common than simply a drab school uniform dress-sense? And much to the confusion (and perhaps envy) of fiery (and) redheaded Southern-belle 'Baby' Idiott (again Megan Drury): how tha hell did husband evangelist Hooverrr Idiott (Mark Owen-Taylor), preachin' heir's ad hoc and nun-sensical scriptures, end up in such fa-ine stockings and sparklen' silva dress? Happily, all will eventually be revealed – but not before its witty and mischievous spoken verse disarms you into rollicking laughter.

When Indigenous country-boy Darcy (Damion Hunter) gives himself up to corrupt copper Rossini (Andrew James), and is thrown into the filth's lockup, our hearts sink because we are all too familiar with the chances that Aborigines in police custody have of getting out (alive even). They also allude to the inescapable past of the Aboriginal experience as Darcy is dragged by iron collar (much like his ancestors in colonial times) to King's Cross King-ette Pin Edwina Brumble (Garry Scale). Perhaps it's a comment that colonialism (and its effects) is still a reality for some in 'modern' Australia.

Magically, the childish charm of the set unfolds like a pop-up book, only revealing its secrets when the actors pull that lever, unlatch this hook, or twirl it around. It's a visual silliness that compliments the performers' refusal to take themselves too seriously, and a refusal to maintain that invisible wall that separates them from the audience.

Now, when's the viewing for the more risqué ending where Brumble and Rossini passionately kiss?

Dumpstered Twin

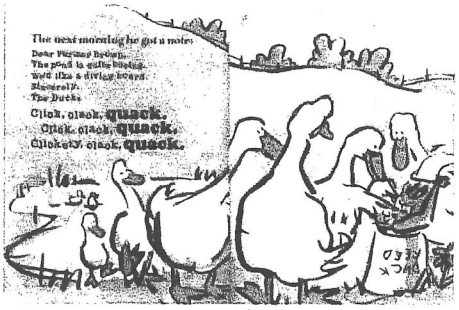
Click, Clack, Moo: Cows That Type
words by Dorothy Cronin, pictures by Betsy Lewin (book)

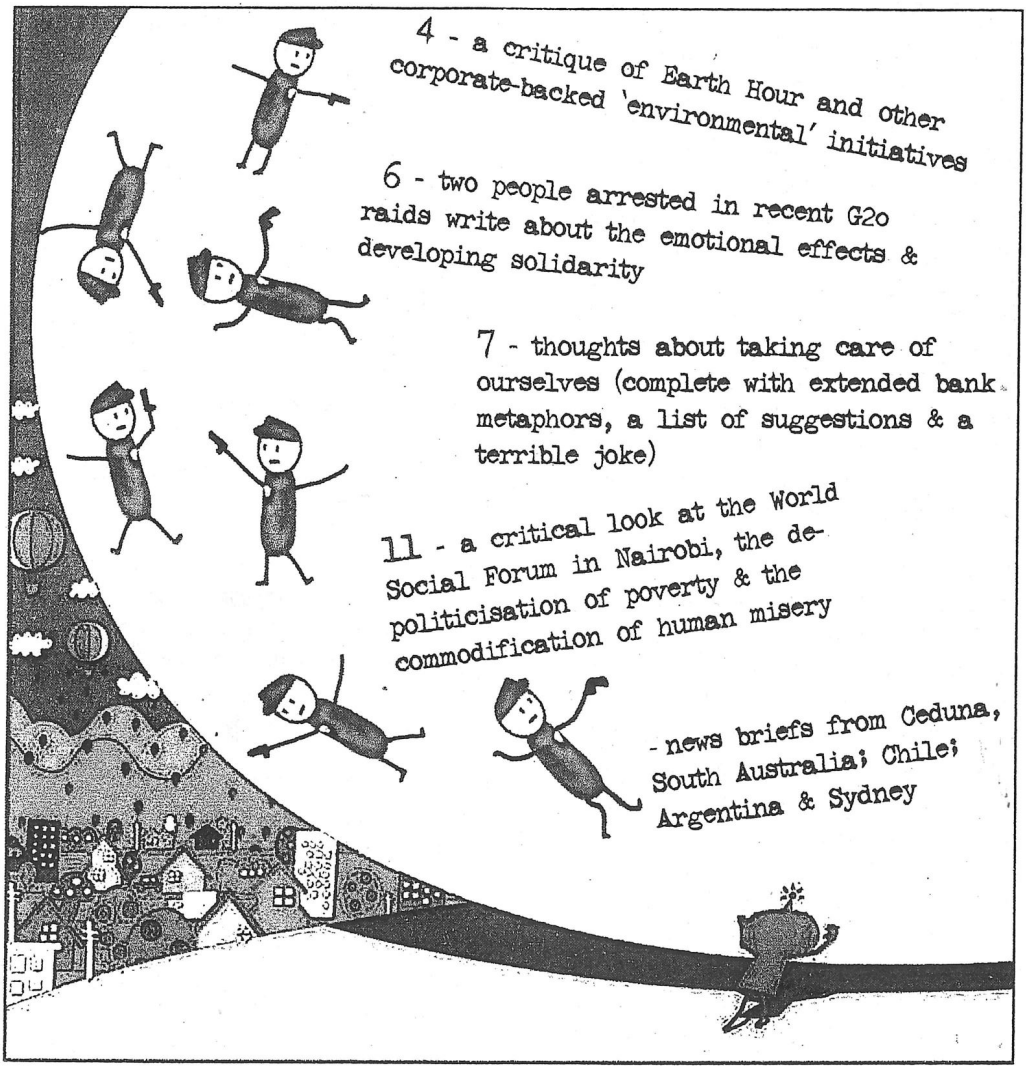
'Farmer Brown has a problem. His cows like to type. All day long he hears click, clack, moo.' His problems go further than the noise: the cows not only like to type, they also start to make demands. Then they go on strike.

Like George Orwell's *Animal Farm*, this book uses the farmyard as a metaphor for class society. Unlike that book, however, this one ends not with corruption and betrayal, but with (moderate) success and the extension of revolutionary solidarity.

The text is simple yet witty, the illustrations are lively and expressive. This book would make an excellent gift for a small person. (Or a *Mutiny* editor. As my friend explained when she gave it to me: 'It's got three of your favourite things in it: typewriters, class struggle & chooks!.')

Princess Mob




4 - a critique of Earth Hour and other corporate-backed 'environmental' initiatives
6 - two people arrested in recent G20 raids write about the emotional effects & developing solidarity
7 - thoughts about taking care of ourselves (complete with extended bank metaphors, a list of suggestions & a terrible joke)
11 - a critical look at the World Social Forum in Nairobi, the de-politicisation of poverty & the commodification of human misery
- news briefs from Ceduna, South Australia; Chile; Argentina & Sydney

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